

# THE MOUNTAIN COVE JOURNAL

## AND SPIRITUAL HARBINGER.

God before all, Creator of all, without Beginning, Indisible and Eternal; Man a special Creation, his life, exaltation and perfection the result of perfect Design, conducted by special Means, and by the Will and Mercy of God unfolded to Ultimatum.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES L. SCOTT AND THOMAS L. HARRIS, AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. E. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOLUME I.

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### Disclosures from the Interior.

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#### BOOK OF THE OUTLINES OF THE UNIVERSE.

##### PREFACE.

Whoever contemplates the starry heaven, and permits the effulgent firmament, with its multitude of constellations moving in orbits of mystery, to impress its image upon the dome of external consciousness which encompasses the mind, is thereby attracted as by irresistible power, from the contemplation of terrestrial scenes, and unfolding outward with pinions of inquiring thought, his mind arises in desire of investigation, until, overwhelmed by a sense of inscrutable mystery, it returns disheartened to its original condition.

Many theories concerning the universe have been successively established, analyzed and decomposed. Failing in their pretension of ability to solve the mystery which obscures creation, these have successively perished. The Copernican theory, defended by Newton, Laplace, and kindred minds rivaling them in power and facility of abstract investigation, is now received as the demonstrated solution of the order of nature.

The Copernican theory is truthful in so far as it concerns its demonstration of facts, limited to external and material outline; but for the demonstration of cause, unfolding facts in harmonious procession, through terrestrial outline to spiritual ultimatum, we must seek assistance from a source of intelligence superior to man: for when the astronomer passes in his investigation beyond the plane of the visible external, he enters upon a labyrinthine pathway, through which he finds no outlet into the realm of encompassing realities.

Moreover, the external philosopher only knows the superficies of facts; and from the least to the greatest remains ignorant of their solidity. Much also remains of known fact, which is inexplicable upon the ground of any theory. From the absolute law which governs the tides, to the unknown mystery connected with the Magellanic clouds, a line of darkness reaches out, which produces, amid the most solid conclusions, the consciousness that the key which unlocks the great archway to the sanctuary of cosmical knowledge, is yet unknown.

Meanwhile, the mind of man has attained that period in its development in which the interior intellect, quickened by interior life, moves forth in every direction, seeking to discover the true system of the starry universe. On every side it finds an untraveled region of knowledge. While the waters of truth repose in the profound interior,

the pilgrim gazes hopelessly upon the sparkling outlines and exclaims, I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; and who shall give me of the living water?

What is there known, inquire's the Spirit, concerning the outline of creation? What knoweth man of that System of Nature in the midst of which his being is quickened into consciousness?

Alas! but few words sum up the totality of that which man possesseth knowledge of, beyond the minute, planetary home which is his habitation for a little season. Man knoweth the dimensions and orbits of a few revolving orbs associating with his own; but of all beyond their visible, material accretions; he knoweth nothing. Whether they are the abodes of vernal beauty, out-breathing perfume, winged melody and animate creations; or whether silence, dreariness and desolation are their only tenants, he discerneth not. He turneth his gaze from the planets to the sun, and to the fixed stars, and thence looking down upon the Earth with front of flame, the same dread mystery confronts him. Earth sees them moving from age to age upon their way, in silence of everlasting light, and man knoweth not whether they be temples of adoration, or fiery prisons of despair.

Angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim; intelligences gloriously immortal, obedient and just, are known to man through faith born of the Ancient Scriptures. From the same source man learns of the existence of angels who have fallen and made war against the Earth and against the children of men, as tempters, deceivers and tormentors. Departed spirits of just men made perfect, are familiar to his thought as surviving the dissolution of their mortal part, and still engaged in benignant ministries, attendant upon their living companions, who yet inhabit the outward body as it fades amid the fading flowers. From the same inspired page man learns of the hades of the dead, where the disobedient and rebellious spirits of men wander in outward darkness until the coming judgment.

Upon that page also man reads that there are many mansions in the Father's house; paradises where the departed saints who once, like him, inhabited a form of outer manifestation, abide in beatific rest; and, beyond these, heavens, and heavens of heavens, into which no man hath ascended.

Thus science demonstrates the existence of planets and suns, but utterly is unable to explain their use, reality, tendency and glory. Thus faith also, in him who possesseth it, being the evidence of things not seen, demonstrates that heavens and paradises are, and also establisheth the existence of fallen angels and of rebellious disembodied men, and of abyssal realms, their habitation. Yet here faith until now hath rested, not being in past times commanded to disclose the locality and outline of the paradisaical and heavenly abodes to mortal view.

To accomplish for science that which it has failed to accomplish for itself; to unfold the mind quickened by faith into intellectual perception of the clustering and constellated glories of the many mansions of that temple of the Di-

vine Spirit which is not made with hands, and is within the veil, eternal in the heavens, is the object of the ensuing revelations.

Widening the field which science occupies for exercise of reason, and illuminating the canopy which encompasses the earthly habitation for directive exercise of faith; unfolding abstract truth into the concrete universe; penetrating that universe with unerring insight, uncontrollable and unattainable by external man, Wisdom proceedeth in this outline, and makes manifest her landmarks as altars in the starry heaven.

These outlines, like unto burning and shining light displayed upon successive elevations beyond the unassisted view, shall beacon the mind of man, directing him in spiritual contemplation from his terrestrial abiding-place, through every intermediate of satellite, and orb, and galaxy, and sun, unto the heaven where God reigneth in outmanifold procedure of immortal harmony.

Thence, led upward by the ascending outline, the mind in its unfolding comprehension shall arise beyond all present conception, to those Divine-Celestial mansions, where God is manifest to the seraphic worshipers, revealing Himself through the outbreathing procedure of infinite perfections, and discerning His creative glory, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face.

Throughout the course of the ensuing statement, the reader will be instructed through the journeyings of a pilgrim, led forth to behold and enjoy the unfolding beauty of the universe, whose panoramic outline will be imaged rapidly and concisely before the mental view.

#### BOOK OF THE MELODIES OF SPACE.

Continued from page 27.

##### CHAP. VIII.—Melodies of Planetary Transcendences.

1. The melodial space within the sub-celestial degree of every Solar Universe, as heretofore discerned, is peopled with Paradisaical Worlds. Each of these is the burning throne of a Planetary Image-Form or Impersonal Transcendence. These appear in the likeness of the human creature, and form a melodial orchestra, pouring harmony according to their degree in the diapason of the starry host. And let it be fully understood, that as un-fallen man is endued with voice expressive of love and wisdom according to his individual state, so also each of the Planetary Image Forms, as the image of the human race unfolded upon its separate orb, hath a voice adapted unto its inspired condition.

2. Endued with harmonic faculties of angelic sensation, I contemplate the glorious forms of this melodious orchestra. I behold them uttering their vocal and instrumental orison. The image-genius of each planet, like some lovely yet colossal spirit utters melody, and the majestic features of each of these sublime creations glow with emotive light varying in accord with the variations of the holy hymn.

3. As from God the Life in God the Lord in God the Holy Procedure, all holy influences descend, inspiring each and every spirit within the un-fallen planets, paradisaical and spiritual, yea, even unto the archetypal dominions,

and thus the moving created beings inspire the breath of life from one Creator; so the responsive adoration of the congregated myriads unites in its ascension, and through the image form that crowns the orb ascends in one perpetual sacrifice to Him.

4. These emanative planetary Resplendences are in themselves endowed with permeative, motive, intuitive, representative existence. They live, they breathe, they inspire, they utter speech concerning Divine Communicative Melody. They are the Principalities who dwell enthroned amid the powers of the heavenly places. They are majestic impersonal triunities. God, through their majestic image-forms, revealeth Himself unto adoring nations. Each is composed of emanating vortical atoms, held in coherence by Divine will, conspiring with and in the moral will of the planetary nations who dwell below. Each planet unfolds its own majestic Principality, enthroned in the midst of its own unfolding power. These Principalities possess an impersonal consciousness, and compose a class of emanative creatures coextensive with the peopled universe. They are the melodies of intercommunication between orb and orb. They sustain melodial and generic relations one with another, family with family, and system with system, throughout creation.

5. As within the one expanse encompassing an orb each floral, animative or spiritual entity is mirrored in coherent unity; and as in the one sky all separate harmonies of color, form, utterance, fragrance, and electrical force of life, are blended together, thus uniting in the composition of the basis of a spiritual dominion: even so the ar-mal essences outbreathed throughout the palatial empires of the spiritual expanse, and all the undulating glories, and all the symmetrical perfections, from the breath of the paradisaical blossom to the cerebral effluence of the arch-human intelligence, unite, obedient to Divine Determinative Will, operative from above, and form the colossal image that presides in majesty above the orb.

6. These Principalities who dwell in the powers of the heavenly places, are governed by the moral condition of the intelligences who people the orbs whence they originate. Hence, being impersonal, they sensorially receive, and objectively image, the moral condition of each separate orb. Although impersonal, they are, by Divine pleasure, everlasting in continuance, changing with the evolutions of their orbs, from degree to degree of glory, angelical, cherubimical and seraphimical.

7. As the Divine Spirit operates upon nations, unfolding therein the harmonies of life and loveliness; even so the Lord Creator operateth by volition upon those imaged Principalities, glorifying them and mirroring throughout their majestic outlines the archetypal images of wisdom, unfolding melodies throughout space, in obedience to His creative pleasure. The cerebral vehicles of each planetary Transcendence or Principality receive divine images of proceeding wisdom from His Divine Procedure, and thence the cerebral image-dome of each paradisaical orb is over-pictured with the correspondences of truth.

8. Every spirit upon the superior spiritual orb of each and every un-fallen planet sustains a cerebral relation with the image-form whose majesty arises in the orb's perfection. These image-forms are distributive media where-through the Lord Creator proceedeth to unfold His infinite light of thought in degrees adapted to finite angelical comprehension, and thus by means of the planetary Transcendence, the Lord Creator unfoldeth a mental firmament, or cerebral dome, around about the mental atmosphere of each planetary empire, and, through the luminous Transcendence thereof, as by a cerebral firmament, proceedeth to reveal His own Divine Communicative Life. Each planetary angel therein beholds objective images of disclosive glory. Color of refraction is unknown, since the atmosphere is illuminated, not by the red light of suns terrestrial, but by a pure unrefracted effluence of Divine Wisdom descending through the unrefracting, pellucid atmosphere and firmament of the dome of thought. This dome of thought is the media of revelation. Even as the terrestrial dome, or firmament terrestrial, is illuminated by the solar luminary, so the mental horizon is illuminated by the glory of God the Life in God the Lord in God the Divine Procedure, whose inspiring thought is the glorifying light; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

#### EXPOSITION AND APPLICATION OF HEBREWS.—CHAPS. IX, X, XI.

As ye are no more of this world it shall hate you, hence ye shall weep and lament as I retire within, as also all who shall follow me in the regeneration. If ye were of the world the world would love you, for the world loveth its own; ye shall experience the cold and heartless spirit of man in contrast with the Spirit of God; but at your sorrow the world shall rejoice; yet God so loved the world as to provide a ransom; and the chosen by the Spirit of God from the world shall pity men as in their insanity they move swiftly down the steep of death, and exist but in the external life, thence ready to enter into the shades of endless night. But rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for that sorrow shall be turned into joy as the arm of mercy steth them in their ruinous course, and the Spirit moveth towards the external to awaken and attract them back to God. And when earth receiveth the returning Spirit in its fullness, and truth ariseth in her majesty, and light descendeth, dispelling moral gloom, and the redeemed return, then shall be remembered no more for joy the burden of the travailing soul.

At that time ye who hear and obey your heavenly Father's voice, as ye see the Spirit approaching, ask what ye will, guided by that Spirit, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. Now ye see through a glass darkly, and are addressed in a way hard to be comprehended, by reason of the weakness of your minds; but at that time I shall show you the Father. Before that day, ye shall suffer many things of the prince of this world, who knoweth his time is at hand: having been



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weighed in the balance of justice and found wanting, he straggled; he shall wound, but ye shall be healed. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world: I have the keys of death and hell: the destinies of the race are in my hands, and lo, I come to save. Escape then to the strongholds, ye prisoners of hope.

In the day when I pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and the sons and daughters of men shall prophesy, and the young men shall see visions and the old men shall dream dreams; and wonders are shown from above, and signs in the earth beneath, the vain light that hath, like a monarch, ruled the human soul—the scene of a false religion that hath moved in deep mystery—by reason of the outpouring of my Spirit upon my chosen, who go forth bearing the light, shall be destroyed: hence their sun shall be darkened; and so effectually shall the vessels of iniquity, the blind guides, be broken and emptied of their false allurements, which is the life thereof, that like an orb of night in its expiring it shall be turned into blood. And this shall come to pass before that great and notable day of the Lord. And in that day the powers of earth and hell shall be shaken, and consternation shall fill the world, and fear possess the hearts of men. But though the sun be darkened, and the moon turned into blood, and the stars fall from heaven, whose ever from earth, whose dominions reel to and fro like drunken men; or whose ever from the deep, where sin stingeth the hidden soul, even the spirits in prison, that shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.

In that day will my Spirit come near to the soul that trusteth in me: for behold, I stand at the door and knock, and whosoever openeth unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he with me; and I will write my law upon his heart, and so perfectly shall they who believe, understand the way of life, and so consciously shall they obey, that angels appointed shall defend them, and by reason thereof no harm shall befall them, and their minds shall be a written epistle of truth to be known and read of all who observe them. Thus shall be my people; and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more; thence appeareth the redeemed: thence that justification, and sanctification unto glorification, that when I make up my jewels, I will remember them and spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Therefore with them, there shall be no more death, which is the wages of sin; for their iniquity is blotted out for ever. And where there is perfect remission and the power of temptation is removed, there is of necessity no more offering for sin. This shall be the consummation of the Redeeming Procedure; and the perfection of the work of grace begun in the hearts of those who shall share in the first resurrection: and is the New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband: the Church triumphant established with men. It resteth in the mountain of the Lord: where I will make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.

I now come to remove the vail and demolish this earthly sanctuary which hath hitherto concealed the holiness within from the people; thence from the crucifixion is rent in twain the vail of the temple, the treasures therein being no more hidden. This earthly tabernacle in its outer form encompassed the inner court, representing the gross external of corrupt nature which concealeth from man the Spirit. And as from henceforth is removed

this which prefigures the true, so also, in that mountain which in the last days I prepare for my people, will I destroy mortality, the corruptible nature of man, which is but the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations.—And thus by rendering my people, who dwell there, immortal, both soul and body, and clothing them also, who are patiently waiting for the redemption of the body, with that incorruptible, will I swallow up death in victory. Then shall the mortal put on immortality; and the corruptible put on incorruption: then the Lord God shall wipe away tears from off all faces.—With these, my people, shall the Spirit enter into full communion; and the covering being entirely removed, and their spiritual vision opened to behold my glory, they shall see eye to eye: shall see as they are seen, and know as they are known. Look up, ye afflicted, for lo, that day cometh. To the faithful the Spirit cometh with fullness of joy, but before it the wicked shall flee in consternation.

Then shall my people have boldness to enter the holiest, which is the sanctuary for the redeemed soul, provided by the blood of the sacrifice and ascend to this perfect state by a new and living way."

Pause, ye inhabitants of Earth, for now uttereth the Spirit, in these last days, in fulfillment of what hath been said by inspiration; and to complete the work of grace begun, the Spirit of the Procedure approacheth the world, embracing all who will hear and obey, conducting them to the light which openeth mortal vision and removeth the vail of mortality; and to those thus secured in the covenant of grace, which is the house of God, the redeemed Church, He remaineth an everlasting High Priest.

Thus doth the Scripture harmonize, teaching the three periods in the movement of the Spirit for the redemption of the race. The first and more external manifestation exemplified through Melchisedec, who met Abraham after he was called, and mediocrally commended with him and his Maker, which established a mode of converse with God, through mediation; and which was gendered more visible to fallen capacity by the offering of Isaac: thence the introduction of that sacrificial offering which elevated the soul on pinions of expectation, causing it to rest its salvation in the hope of the final sacrifice to be offered. And in process of time, the Spirit approacheth the outer periphery of nature, when Jesus was offered on Calvary, in whom is centered sacrifices and burnt offerings, and who from His immaculate nature made effectual offering, and in fullness of this Procedure removed far away the more external that separateth between man and spiritual life. Jesus, therefore, before His crucifixion, established the eucharistic ordinance to keep before the mind the offering until He should come with His angels unto final salvation; the bread being emblematic of His body broken in sacrifice for sin; and the wine representative of that life which shed its invigoration element amid the regions of death. The blood, being the life of the flesh, is also emblematic of the life of the inner man to be quickened into spirituality, when the redeemed spirit of man should emerge from the dead body of gross mortality, unto eternal life and heavenly inheritance. And also as from the sacrifice ascendeth the life of the blood shed for sinners, so shall this spirituality give up to God its pure aspirations, and be fully absorbed into the goodness, love and purity of the higher plane of spiritual life; hence be known no more with varying and decaying nature; but pure in spir-

it, in immortality serving God continually.

This is the ultimate for which the Redeemer bled, and completes the trinity, being the final period of that Redeeming Procedure which converts, purifies and immortalizes fallen man, soul and body: hence to the soul and understanding of man, this Spirit, and the inhabitants of the inner life, are finally rendered visible.—And into this last and conclusive movement of Divine Grace, the willing and perpetually obedient now enter, by means of spiritual intercourse through the spirit sounds, made by means of media; and thus is devised a method of conversation in which is employed the most subtle of nature's elements; and thus approximate the spirits of those in and out of the flesh.

This spirit manifestation should increase the hope and joy of man, as it indicateth the nearness of the Spirit of all things to the outer world; for by this intelligible language, men and angels hold communion, by which spirits who are commissioned can unfold that which is hidden from mortals; thus confirming what hath been written of man's immortality and the will of God concerning him, as also the preparing in of the light which is a preparation for, and prelude to the reappearing of our Lord, who cometh to conquer the power of sin, to set the captive free, and crown the redeemed with eternal life at God's right hand.

Thus again, is stated the beauty, harmony and spirituality of the great plan of man's redemption; its introductory manifestation; its consummating sacrificial offering, and its final promised and indicated glorious effulgence, which shall baptize earth's inhabitants in heaven's light, quicken them into spirituality, and make of angels and men that oneness which removeth forever the twain, and ultimately the fallen race to the universe of ascending beings; thence shall they go forth glorified, and welcomed as those washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

God, the Self-existent and Eternal, designeth, purposeth, and proceedeth to ultimate. His design is the life-element of the integration projected, even unto the remotest organic existence and external manifestation of that which is purposed in heaven, and conducted into varied formations; the progenitor of all things, resulting from the determination of the Infinite Mind; the radiation of that proceeding Energy which organeth, arrangeth and ultimateth creations, and created intelligences, conducting them through the formation of the Universe of universes unto consummations without end: the perfection of which shall be the exalted and Divinely prepared celestial heavens; the home of the glorified around the throne of God.

Thus the worlds were formed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear. Hence God conceived and devised in thought unto determination, that which is, and is to be.—Thence from purpose moveth in procedure unto actuality, in external manifestation, that which existeth in the Eternal Mind prior to its development.

Thus Earth with its inhabitants, became, in its order, projected, a member in the universe, to move in its sphere unto the perfection of its elements in the celestial heavens.

So also, the mercy of God, by Divine Wisdom, devised means of man's redemption, when as yet his fall was foreseen as the result of perverted will; and thus it is that Christ is a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; and also the salvation of the sinner through the atoning sacrifice, unto

triumphant victory over death, as designed in heaven, foreseen and foretold by the prophets of old.

Before terrestrial, spiritual, or celestial universes; atoms, formations, or created intelligences; God was, and in Him existed in one vast design, the purposed form and ultimate of that which is, or ever shall be, unto the final of all creations, world without end.

In the Divine Procedure existed the life-element of all spiritual and celestial existence, and through this Divine Energy, originated a first vortical terrestrial procedure, embodying the element of all vortical and terrestrial manifestations.

Thus with God who ultimateth, DESIGN is the reality of things determined, which being secured in purpose existeth in the Divine Will; and when brought in idea to the capacity of finite intelligence, is understood as the substance of things prospectively existent, yet not made manifest in form and procedure.

With God, then, DESIGN is to determine; and to proceed is to create and unfold unto its consummation, that which Infinite Wisdom hath conceived; thus in Him, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, all things were from the beginning; which is the reality of that which is purposed, even before it cometh to pass.

(To be continued.)

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An apology is due to the readers of the JOURNAL AND HARBINGER for the delay which has occurred in the issue of the present number. The Media for the Divine Unfolding being about from Mountain Cove, the matter was promptly forwarded; but the steamer Olivia, in whose care the package was entrusted, having sunk on her passage up the Ohio river, the manuscript was greatly delayed.

In consequence of the necessary absence of the Media during the greater portion of the time, the Journal will be issued only on Thursday of every alternate week—52 numbers completing a volume.

### MODERN PAGANISM vs. CHRISTIANITY.

The Harmonial Philosophy, as taught and advocated in the writings of A. J. Davis and other and kindred writers, and as advocated in the Journals set apart to its promulgation, is in direct antagonism to the Religion taught by Jesus Christ and His Apostles.

Those Spiritualists who believe in the Christian Scriptures as true, cannot but reject the Harmonial Theory as false. There is no ground of compromise, no point of union. Front to front, hostile battalions, they meet in conflict. Christianity, as unfolded in the Holy Scriptures—as attested by Spiritual Manifestations that darkened the heaven and convulsed the earth, that stilled the tempest and that rent the grave—Christianity, as unfolded in the writings of holy men of old, who wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost—Christianity, as confirmed in every age by the continuous miracle of Moral Regeneration—Christianity, as now reiterated by purified and redeemed intelligences, descending in Jesus's name to announce the final conflict between the armies of heaven and the powers of the abyss—Christianity is our faith. For it we live, labor, endure. Hence we stand prepared, at all proper times and under all proper circumstances, to defend the Faith given to the Saints.

Our course meets with opposition from those minds now engaged in the endeavor to turn the current of Spirituality into the channels of Harmonial Philosophy. On the one hand, we encounter the blind Phari-seism of the dictators of an external Church, dead in formalism, as were their prototypes of old. On the other hand, we encounter the opposition of that class of Spiritualists who do despite unto the Spirit of Grace, who trample on the blood of the Atonement and call it an unholy thing, who blaspheme the worthy Name by which we are called, and who revive the Baal-worship of the Syrians and the sorceries and incantations of Pagan Greece and Egypt.

Harmonialists! if the God whom the Prophets, Patriarchs and Seers of Judea worshiped—if the God who spoke from Sinai—if the God who was manifest in the flesh in the person of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in whom dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily, be the true God—then, since with the ancient Pagans you deny His Revelation; since the oracles among you teach doctrines adverse to His Word, as

did the oracles of Hieropolis and Delphos; since the spirits who communicate to you, and whose teachings you receive, advance opinions counter to Revelation; it follows, that your system is an ingression upon the Kingdom of Christ, and that the Christian must of necessity array himself against your theory and the tendency of your development.

Now the liberty of opinion is a sacred gift. Forced Faith is without value. We are admonished to defend the right of private judgment at every peril.—But errors in faith beget errors in action, errors in character, errors in association, and erroneous tendencies destructive to the spirit. We are therefore admonished to use every lawful effort to save the mind from doctrines destructive to health, harmony and peace. Hence, believing the Harmonial Philosophy to be old Paganism, resurrected and adorned with fictitious external decorations which conceal its true interior element; believing that it unfolds from fallen spirits, inhabiting the spheres of rebellion and darkness in the world of wo; we hold ourselves prepared, and give public notice of our willingness, to discuss the claims of the Harmonial Philosophy as antagonistic to Christian Doctrine and the well-being of mankind.

We rejoice to learn, as we do continually, that upright minds, who have been misdirected by this new Paganism, are, through our humble efforts, finding peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost. Our prayer is, that the writer of the following letter, which we copy from *Light from the Spirit World*, may find at last that interior peace which belongs alone to those who have been born again, not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God:

A. J. Davis and Rev. T. L. Harris—the Spiritualists of St. Louis.

Mr. Editor: To congratulate you upon the seven or eight last numbers of your paper would perhaps be in bad taste, but yet it is due to you to say that your paper has for a long time been unsurpassed by any other journal of the kind in the Union.

It seems to be free, it seems to be strewn with the flowers of Harmony. It fearlessly tears the mask from bigotry, folly, fanaticism and antiquated theologies, and shows up the absurdities of those who denounce the Harmonial Philosophy.

My humble opinion is that only those journals that are free from old sectarian prejudices, that have divested themselves of every vestige of Paganism, Catholicism and Protestantism, will or ever can succeed. The age is passed when any mixture or compound of a sectarian character can be imposed upon free minds. Therefore depend upon it, those papers that are now mixed up with any kind of religion, must soon sink to their merited oblivion, and share the fate of those at whose funerals they have been the chief mourners.

The Harmonial Philosophy is, according to our highest intuitions of reason, the most divine light that has ever dawned upon the world, and it has gained more sincere, intelligent supporters in the same length of time than any system of philosophy the world ever saw.

One of the greatest and most efficient opponents of Andrew Jackson Davis and the Harmonial Philosophy, is Brother Harris, of Mountain Cove.

The effect of Bro. Harris' fascinating, poetical and eloquent conversations has been to win over all who approach him. But when he falls on any of the disciples of the Harmonial Philosophy, those who have studied it fully and understandingly, his arguments fall harmless. His lively wrought fabrics, the exquisite embroidery which he so ingeniously weaves around long-refuted Theologies, give way to the sunlight of nature, truth and reason. The disparaging terms in which Bro. Harris spoke of Mr. Davis' personal character, were painful to the ardent friends of the latter gentleman. But during all Bro. Harris' remarks on the Philosophy of Davis, nothing was set forth by him that was not or could not have been refuted. And when a man like Bro. Harris, who is celebrated for his powers of eloquence and learning in debate and his research in spiritualism, cannot overthrow a weak instrument of the Harmonial doctrines, it speaks well for our Philosophy.

From a letter that was written by Bro. Harris while he was in this city, I see that he speaks in anything but flattering terms of the Harmonialists of St. Louis. He thinks that upon the whole they are easier to get hold of than the sectarians,—thank you, Brother,—and that they will make very good disciples.—again we owe you one. That the works of Davis will (although they are evil) finally be of some benefit. This may all be very well and quite true, but the Harmonialists beg leave to enter their protest and answer.—Though they have every confidence in Mr. Harris, as a gentleman and a friend, and in his ability to defend the cause of spiritual communication in the face of the clergy of the world; yet they say without hesitation, that they are uncompromisingly opposed to his Theological ideas, and that they consider him influenced by a class of sectarian spirits congenial with his religious feelings—that he is not moved by free, untrammelled influences.

In reply to this, one word will suffice. That we are opposers of the Harmonial Philosophy is true. That personally we have no confidence in A. J. Davis as a clairvoyant, as a medium or as a man, is true also. Our reasons for disbelief in the man will in due time be publicly made known. Our refutation of the Harmonial Philosophy we are prepared to set forth, before the public, whenever A. J. Davis, who may be considered as its chief expounder, is prepared to grapple with the media in public discussion.

### PRAYERLESS SPIRITS AND PRAYER-OPPOSING MEDIA.

THE prayerless character of those spirits who communicate in defense of the so-called Harmonial Philosophy, is increasingly made manifest. The following extract from the *Spiritual Telegraph* is a case in point:

"In addition to the varied phenomena of Spirit-manifestations in this place and vicinity, [Bainbridge, N. Y.] which are almost daily becoming more general, such as rapping, tipping and moving tables, writing, speaking, etc. we have one of a peculiar character, which I do not recollect of seeing noticed; as follows: worthy and respectable members of the Episcopal Church, having become mediums, are by this means prevented from reading a portion of the Common Prayer-Book during what is called divine service."

In this instance their hostility is manifested to a particular form of prayer. Other instances under our own immediate notice show that prayer, even when prompted by the Inspiring Spirit and offered through acknowledged media who reverently receive



the truths of Christianity, is also the object of reviling and animadversion.

The writer of this article recently visited St. Louis, Missouri. While there he was directed to act as a medium for public worship. The breathings of Redeemed Spirits, their spontaneous emotions of love to the Divine Redeemer, flowed from his unconscious lips.

This gave occasion for bitter animadversion. A medium acting under the direction of that class of spirits who endorse "Nature's Divine Revelations," immediately published an article in its denunciation. Christian! ponder on these things!

### THE DESCENT OF WISDOM.

GREAT souls in stellar multitudes display Perpetual brightness, hidden far away From Earth's dark shadows, veiled in the intense Reflected light of God's Omnipotence. Sparkling like jewels in the Eternal Crown, Their wisdom, pure and beautiful, shines down And permeates anointed souls on earth, Till, fully quickened to superior birth, The child who yesterday to earth was given, To-day unfolds and scales the heights of Heaven.

Canst thou discern a dew-drop while its clear Translucent shape glides through the atmosphere? Nay, still and secret, in the crystal space It dwells unseen by thy terrestrial race. Canst thou detect its liquid music when The stars outflame and shadows come again? Nay, far too sweet, too musical by far, The dew-drop, though, like some transcendent star, It moves melodious o'er the ethereal sea, Yet tunes its lyre inaudible to thee. But when the dew-drop trembles into form, And sparkles in the rosy light of morn, The constellated atoms on thy sight Outradiate diamond beams of purest light; And senses delicate amid the still Sweet morn, can hear those pearly dews distill Their freshness into fragrance, while the sea Of odor fills the heart with melody.

The dews of Spirit Thought, like these, unfold Interior form about this sphere of mold, And all the crystal atmosphere abounds With sweet accordance of melodious sounds. Like rays of light descending from the Sun The choiring harmonies perpetual run. Love, Beauty, Order, Wisdom, all combined In sphere, and blend, and form the dews of mind. Thou canst not see them. Neither canst thou see Great Jupiter, though through the noontide he Shines from his planet, sweeping with his hand The chords of light and pouring forth the grand Jehovah-utterance of Creative law, Out-picturing the pure Form that Moses saw, When, from the infinite above, passed by The Power, and Light and Love of Deity.

Attune thy soul to that melodious hymn Chanted in heaven by ardent Seraphim, Whose blended music gives interior voice To mind and heart, and bids the soul rejoice. Attune thy music to the song of love All heaven repeats, then from the world above The dews of spirit thought will shine with rays Of rainbow glory o'er life's common ways. The dews of spirit-life shall interfuse Their element of harmonies and hues, And liquid fragrance and immortal song Uplift thy Nature from the baser throng. Incline thee in the bright Saturnian zone Of love and wisdom from the Father's throne, Inspire the spirit of the inner mind With sovereign truth, whose luster, unconfined, By outward law, shall clothe thy mental form, Auroral with imperial hues of morn, And give thee place among the Kings of Thought Whose massive wisdom, into deeds outwrought, Transforms the dreary prison-house of Earth Into the temple of Angelic Worth, Tears from the moral-sky the midnight shroud, Fires with electric light each looming cloud, Precipitates immortal truth, unbinds The fettered wings of the avenging winds, And purifies with living streams the great Extended landscapes of the Church and State; While from above the spirit glory falls, Streaming o'er swollen streams and waterfalls Of wisdom, whose harmonious voice outrolls, Inspiring myriads of immortal souls.

CINCINNATI, 5th mo. 15 1853.

### SCENES BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Trance of Marietta Davis.

FROM THE DIARY OF JAMES L. SCOTT.

(Continued from page 103.)

GREAT emotion was manifest throughout, and the more especially by the infants and their guardians, who at this time were veiled in the sphere of grief, which outmored from the inmost spirit and enfolded their being. Overwhelmed at the sight they sank into silent and inexpressible sorrow.

"He, your Redeemer," said an angel unto them, "is smitten by the inspired agent of the sphere of death, and His temples pierced by the diadem of thorns. By this is represented evil in all forms. It is its element, its determination, to smite the manifestation of good, and without that disposition it could not exist. These vile beings that arise from their nether abode, and like a dark cloud from some burning pit darken the earth, are those evil spirits that torment the children of men. Filled with lust, and unable to indulge the propensity, they seek to vent their insatiable passions in vengeance upon bewildered mortals. And as Jesus shall rescue the humble soul from their power, and as He is the manifestation of the Incarnate Spirit, and His mission with men, in the condition of a Redeemer, is to sever the power of the enchanter and break in pieces his kingdom which is established with men, so the prince of the power of darkness shall seek to smite the Author of salvation,

and dash in pieces, like a broken potsherd, the Kingdom of Peace which He shall establish on earth.

"Moreover, here in dreadful conflict the two principles meet. Death and hell arise, armed with every implement of warfare from the nether magazine; and burning with the inexhaustible fires of hellish pride and fendish hate, and being convinced the decisive hour is at hand, they are led on by that personage who is called Satan or Deceiver, and venture the engagement. The theater of action is the external world, for there the fallen and novitate condition of men render them susceptible to influences from both principles, and occupying as they do the intermediate, they are the object of the display of Divine Good, which meets, while seeking lost man, that power which controls him."

"Nay, more," uttered another angel, "man hath violated a Divine law, and thereby rendered himself a sinner; he suffers the penalty or consequences thereof, and the law is immutable. Man is a being constructed in harmony with the law, upon which he is dependent; his relation to perpetual affinity therewith is therefore contingent, and depends upon the perfection of the relation he sustains to the controlling law of his being. If he violates, that violation consists in movements antagonistic to that department of law which he opposes. The law opposed is united to him only as he, in creation, has entered its divine compartment, and operates throughout his being only to sustain and develop it a perfect entity or immortal existence, disunited with mortality. The violation of that law intercepts its purpose movement, and hence the transgressor is thrown upon the periphery of her movement and diversely revolves, and is therefore broken by the law which was ordained unto life, and which is from this cause the law of death. This the unredeemed cannot understand in its momentous bearing upon the race, but it is here unfolded to the end that it may grow up in you unto life and knowledge evermore."

"Yea, more than this," continued a voice, "man is an intellectual being, and responsible, hence a moral being; and being apprized of the consequences of the violation of law, is accountable for the disposition he makes of his benefits, and is condemned in the transgression. Therefore the righteousness of God's Throne declares against the sinner; so then Justice, —and Justice is my name,—must also be maintained if the sinner live. Man must perish, or through some wise provision there must be a medium or mediator between Heaven's Law and its violator. To this end a Ransom has been offered, as embodying all that is necessary to enter the great vortex of human degradation, and grasp the awful current, and stand amid the burning elements, while rescuing the sinner. And this can only be effected by the reversion of the movement and destructive tendency of the race. Those arising from the pit unite this deadly tendency with the powers of death and hell; and to save the sinner, death and hell shall be held subject to the will of the Conqueror. The prince thereof shall be bound in chains of the eternal Will, and held unto the judgment. For the fallen race Mercy hath appeared, and in her arms she brings that Ransom, saying, 'Hail God hath laid help, and that He is mighty and able to save.' And lo, the Offering now descends the vortex."

Then said a voice, "I am Mercy. I come with the Ransom." Again said Justice, "If He be able, He shall triumph over death, hell and the grave; but He shall not strive nor cry, neither in contention shall His voice be heard." "Thus," answered Mercy, "He is like a lamb for the slaughter, like a sheep dumb before his shearer, He may not open His mouth." "Even so," said Justice, "and He shall also make His soul an offering for sin before He shall see His seed." "Again," answered Mercy, "He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord, the work of Redemption, shall prosper in His hands." "Amen! Thy Kingdom shall be an everlasting Kingdom, and to Thy Government there shall be no end; for through the Ransom, God shall be just in the salvation and justification of him that believeth." "AMEN!" answered Justice. "Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen!" arose from every spirit, angel and seraph congregated.

Then I heard Jesus say to him who inquired the nature and object of His mission, and who had referred Him to the danger of His position, "For this cause came I into the world, that the world might be saved; and since no man can come to the Father but by me, on me let there be poured the iniquity of them all." Then with great emotion Mercy lifted her eyes to the heaven above, and said, "Great is thy goodness, O God, since for the salvation of the sinner the just entereth death's dominion and rescueth the unjust." Then approaching Justice, she extended her hand saying, "Dost thou accept the Offering I bring as adequate to the momentous undertaking?" Then Justice bowed over the bleeding form of Humanity, which again appeared, and received the extended hand of Mercy, saying, "When this Offering shall have in meekness endured unto the end, then the sinner shall find pardon through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus, who becometh a propitiation for sin."

Then I saw a company of angels descending from the celestial bands who poised far above the scene, and as if upon some errand of mercy where momentous consequences were pending, they proceeded to a palace in the city and paused above it. Quickly one of them entered a room wherein was a lovely being in the external form, whose mind appeared anxious and disturbed, while she was meditating upon the scene which moved the exasperated populace. The angel did not appear to her external vision, but presently began to soothe her nervous form into quietude, and to induce a soft and gentle slumber. How soon, thought I, that weary agitated form has found quiet and repose beneath the influence of

an angelic being; and how free from exciting and disturbing care are the inhabitants of the blissful skies! She rested, and an angel breathed upon her the breath of pure angelic love.

She awoke in the spirit and dreamed (as mortals term it) that she stood by a gentle river girdled with the floral beauties of some celestial paradise. The waters of the river were bright and transparent, upon the bosom of which was mirrored the transcending beauty of the paradisaical landscapes that skirted that living stream and environed its winding pathway. The waters echoed the soft notes of the feathered choirs that rested in the branches of the immortal trees and floated in the spiritual ether above the floral plains.

Charmed to ecstatic delight, she lifted her hands as if in adoration, when, as she cast her eyes in the upward direction, she beheld innumerable companies of the inhabitants of the blissful abode, who had just suspended the utterance of the swelling notes of angelic love; but the echo of the melody reverberated in the holy skies, and caught in their retiring anthems the ear of the enraptured dreamer. As she stood with upward gaze, she became conscious of the cessation of the harmonious utterance of the immortal inhabitants, and the melody of the myriads of paradisaical birds also died upon the ear, and all was silence. A death-like stillness held the whole realm as in the embrace of an awful suspense. At this she wondered and in her imagination sought for the cause.

While she thus pondered in her mind for the cause, the scene changed. A veil of gloom overspread the beautiful river—the floral inhabitants folded their expanded leaves, and dropped their arched arms as tears that fell from the bowed and humbled stamens and folded cups. The forests stood still, not a leaf moved, for even the celestial breeze paused. The angelic hosts above had veiled their faces, and a pale light, as if the image of sadness, occupied the place of the bright glory that had illumined the world around her. Her heart grew faint, her hands fell lifelessly by her side, her head drooped upon her breast, and her face, pale and the expression of perfect sadness, looked downward. Her eyes gave up their brilliancy and life seemed departing, when an angel touched her, saying, "Pilgrim, wherefore dost thou wonder? Art thou not of the city of Jerusalem, in the land of shadows and of night?"

The dreamer, startled by the voice of the stranger speaker, raised her head and beheld before her one of the immortal inhabitants clad in mourning. Surprised, she sought at first to escape; when the angel continued, saying, "Fear not, for in this land no harm shall befall thee. I come a messenger from that innumerable company of angels that do behold above thee. My errand is one of mercy. Thou hast witnessed the glory, harmony and melody of this divine abode. Such is the state of the pure and ever blessed. They exist in the element of Divine Good. These rivers, fountains, streams, blossoms, and all animate existence, unite in one expression of ceaseless praise. But thou hast witnessed the change; how vast and how painful! Thou art art and seek to ascertain the cause. For this I come to thee—We suffer with our Lord, who in your city is this day arrayed before a depraved, vindictive and mock tribunal. Our Lord, who there suffers, is the manifestation of the Divine Spirit, the Incarnation thereof, God manifest in flesh, in the person of Jesus. Him the Jews seek to crucify. He goeth, as it is written of Him, but was unto these His false accusers, vile blasphemers, and unjust condemnors. And thou, spirit of the lost world, thou art interdicted, for lo, thy husband, though conscious of His innocence, forsook the people and bartereth innocent blood. Go thou quickly to thy lord, fall before him, and warn him of his danger. Tell him what thou seest, how the lapid where immortality reigns, mourns, yea, that every tree, plant and flower thereof bows in sorrowful attitude—that the birds of Paradise fold their wings and wait the awful suspense—that the rivers, the transparent waters, wear a heavy gloom that veils their glory—that angels lay down their crowns and drop their lyres, and are dumb, and fall down in sadness; while Jesus, thy Redeemer, stands before the heartless tribunal of fendish men. Go, nor tarry; else a moment lost may doom Pilate, whom thou shalt seek to save."

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the angel who had soothed her to silent slumber; and lo, she arose quickly, startled, yet, terrified with her vision, and hastened to send to Pilate, her husband, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." But Pilate, disregarding her entreaties, yielded to the insane demands of the people, and condemned Jesus to the Cross, and gave Him up to be scourged, then crucified.

(To be continued.)

### Original Communications.

#### Letter from a Medium in Cincinnati to an Inquiring Friend.

You desire to know the modus operandi of the spirit manifestations referred to in my letter. I know very well that you cannot believe without personal evidence, and therefore would rather not risk my reputation for either truth or sagacity; but having already committed myself in general, I cannot well decline going in some degree into particulars.

The manifestations are neither by "rappings," nor by "drawing the mind into reveries," as you suggest, but the most common method is by vibrations similar to those felt on holding in the hands the knobs of an electro-magnetic machine when in operation, except that the spiritual are infinitely more refined and gentle, especially those which are supposed to be made by the congenial visitants.

Another form of manifestation in my case is by con-

scious influx of thoughts and affections. The influx of the various affections, however, carries with it more direct demonstration to the senses than the influx of thoughts, for the reason that our affections appear to result from outer causes, or acts of volition tangible to the senses; whereas thoughts frequently occur without any tangible cause. Both good and evil affections have at different times been induced upon me without any act of volition on my part in the matter.

Many a time have I been kissed upon the lips, sometimes apparently by the good, at other times by the impure. These last, so long as I was passive, did not offer personal violence; but when I discovered their character and resisted their insidious attempts to delude my affections, they attacked me in various parts of the body, principally in the heart and lungs, interrupting the functions of both, and of course causing great distress. But the evil are never hostile in this way when we are willing to be or become like themselves. Even now, the slightest yielding of the will to think or to do evil, as for instance to entertain anger, or impurity of thought, is sure to repel the good and attract evil spirits to my organization; which state, however, is instantly reversed on recollecting myself and repudiating the evil as set against the Divine Order of the Lord. When anger or any other bad passion is once kindled, the evil spirit so conjoins himself to mine as to blow it into a flame.

The only reason why this satanic assistance is not observed by every one, is because the net of the infusing spirit is generally simultaneous with the net of the man whom he infuses; whereas, in my case it is not simultaneous, and hence is perceptible. I know, however, from abundant experience, that when the usual outward occasion of any particular affection presents itself, the spirit can infuse, as it were, that affection into the organization, without its being first kindled by ourselves. Thus, if a melancholy when I believe to be unworthy presents himself, I have of course no sympathy for him as to the matter of his affliction; yet a spirit may be present who either in ignorance or for his own amusement will express through me the emotion of pity, even depicting his countenance, and this in direct contravention of my own sentiments at the time.

The vibrations I receive in responsive approval of sentiments met with in reading, or expressed in conversation, or in thought only; also, the various acts appertaining to the common relations of life, as of justice, benevolence, &c. and so common that I receive them as a matter of course, and seldom pay any attention to them, except that I am thereby reminded of the goodness of the Lord in thus giving constant evidence to my skeptical heart of the reality of the future life, the possibility of the spiritual world to this, and that our most secret thoughts cannot be more evident to ourselves than they are to those in that world who are permitted to be associated with us here; also, that as man reforms and purifies his life, he comes progressively out of comparatively evil spiritual societies into better and higher, and on the death of the outer body, joins himself with that society with which he was last associated in this life.

These considerations may be referred to as answering your question, "Of what spiritual or practical use are these manifestations if we do not put confidence in them?"

### Causes of Distrust and Incredulity.

The chief cause of the skepticism exhibited by many of those inclined to receive the truths of the Divine Unfolding, as well as the incredulity of the world generally, is the want of a deep and interior study of the truth revealed, with special and devout prayer to the Divine Spirit, for inspiration and guidance.

Pride and self-reliance are sure to lead astray. And those even who believe from mere external proofs, will be constantly liable to stumble and fall (as a history of the movement would amply show) for it is only by a pure and living faith, an interior and divine life, that one comes truly to apprehend aught that pertains to the salvation and final deliverance of man.

Those who take up occasionally detached portions of the Disclosures, glancing with listless haste over the doctrines and statements, and those even who amid the tumults and distractions of busy life cursorily peruse them as they are received, turning immediately to their accustomed thoughts and daily avocations, can know little of the Disclosures. The Spirit which dictates those and the spirit of the world have ever been at war. Each tends directly and wholly to exclude the other. There can be no compromise between them. Institutions and churches may make such a compromise, but as the spirit of the world advances the Spirit of Christ recedes, till Mammon and Formality, a semi-idolatry and universal paralysis and death everywhere appear. So fell the ancient Jewish Church; for their outward personal rejection of the Divine Redeemer, the immediate act of a comparatively few was but the external expression of that inward and universal rejection of all that possessed His Spirit. The Lord hath ever declared himself a jealous God; He will have each heart that gives itself to Him wholly His; hence the manifold trials and temptations of His people; hence the fearful judgments and sweeping destruction that ever await and finally overtake all those who in heart forsake Him.

And solemn night to the Ancient Volume, shining as a beacon light from the past; and let the believer in the Unfolding unite all with constant and assiduous perusal of the Disclosures vouchsafed to us in the present—with prayer unceasing, faith unfeigned, and a life wholly consecrated to the will and purposes of God.

We should not only study each portion as it is unfolded from the immortal world, but go constantly back to the beginning of each series, and follow it to its conclusion, or as far as has yet been given; for bearing the lighter literature of the day, and all other unnecessary pursuits not in harmony with this new life. Thus doing, the Disclosures would not only be comprehended, but would be radiant with the glory of immortal life.

I sometimes ask, Do we indeed believe that God is again speaking from the opening of Heavens, giving counsel from His chosen hill? Do we credit the heavenly messengers? As it is true that the Beloved Disciple who uttered the fearful prophecies of the Apocalypse; and the Apostle to the Gentiles, who in the flesh could with him self accused from Christ for his brethren and kinsmen's sake; the mighty Prophet before whom, though a captive and of a race despised, the Persian monarch trembled on his throne; and she whom all nations shall call Blessed; have once more opened their lips with heavenly wisdom, and poured their words upon a helpless world? Do we know that our Redeemer, lived by other evidence than the prophetic voices of the past, and that even now is the day of the preparation of His glorious Appearing? Have we not felt our own hearts burn within us as for this new method. He hath, through His chosen messengers, again talked with us by the way, unfolding the future of the redeemed man upon the redeemed Earth, and the incomprehensible wonders of the unfallen world?—Then what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God?

### Results of a Rejection of Truth.

It is sometimes asked how we are to consider those who seem to be good and pious who reject the Disclosures? To this I can only answer, that if they have fairly and candidly examined them without perceiving their divine beauty and authority, that they are not in the sphere from which these originated. There is great difference between the disciple who hath been called, and is inclined to follow, and him whose heart and will have been wholly yielded and consecrated to the Lord; before either still retaining many of his Jewish prejudices, and the same may apply after having seen the vision and obeyed its instructions in obedience. What was I that I could withstand God? Nevertheless, no one can reject light without suffering the consequences; and many, by a painful experience in the interior, will learn the folly of closing their eyes to the illumination of the truth. Even in this world the results of such rejection are apparent. Italy, Spain and her dependencies, and, in less degree, France, excluded the light of the Reformation, and what know their condition?—And by an unwary law similar effects must follow a partial rejection of constant in our day. I therefore conclude that all who, from whatever cause, reject the Unfolding, must and will suffer the natural consequences, and justly of their choice, both in the external and in the interior. Could that world be opened to them, as soon it will be, the fully and madly of a real loss, following age—a generation given over to selfish blindness and hardness of heart—would be apparent in moving sights and sounds, appalling to the most callous and indifferent.

No more, to it even shall thou be only seen

Through a cloud of sorrow, filled with bitter tears, Impassioned yearning, misery and dream, Tradition, or the words of buried sages.

Like some vast sun-sphere in the azure deep,

We see thy holy orb in beauty shine.

The gift of God transcends man's highest hope,

And Faith is lost in vision all divine.

### Thermometrical Table at Mountain Cove.

Mar. 1853.

Day.	Bar.	Therm.	Wind.	Remarks.
1. Sunday.	30.56	79	71	51 Fair—mild.
2. Monday.	30.58	76	71	71 Cloudy, slight shower.
3. Tuesday.	30.81	81	81	70 Clear and very fine.
4. Wednesday.	30.75	75	73	68 Fair—cloudy—rain.
5. Thursday.	30.73	73	71	59 Fair and pleasant.
6. Friday.	30.72	72	72	61 Fair and pleasant.
7. Saturday.	30.70	71	71	61 Fair—light shower.
8. Sunday.	30.55	55	54	54 Rain nearly all day, fr.
9. Monday.	30.66	72	66	66 Fair and pleasant.
10. Tuesday.	30.56	56	52	52 Cloudy—rain—fair.
11. Wednesday.	30.67	67	67	67 Fair and pleasant.
12. Thursday.	30.72	72	64	64 Clear and beautiful.
13. Friday.	30.68	68	69	69 Rain—fair, fr. S. a.
14. Saturday.	30.68	72	70	70 Frost—fair and pleas.
15. Sunday.	30.78	81	81	80 Fair and beautiful.
16. Monday.	30.78	80	76	76 Fair and pleasant.
17. Tuesday.	30.81	81	79	79 Fair—fr. & pleas. [S. E.]
18. Wednesday.	30.81	81	81	80 Fair and pleasant.
19. Thursday.	30.83	83	80	80 Cloudy, cool wind, fair.
20. Friday.	30.80	81	81	81 Light frost—fair & pl.
21. Saturday.	30.67	67	71	71 Light frost—cloudy, fr.
22. Sunday.	30.76	76	76	76 Cloudless & very fine.
23. Monday.	30.73	73	66	61 Showery—thunder.
24. Tuesday.	30.63	63	61	61 Cloudy and chilly.
25. Wednesday.	30.59	59	53	50 Showery and cool.
26. Thursday.	30.58	58	53	53 Fair and cool.
27. Friday.	30.59	59	63	63 Fair and pleasant.
28. Saturday.	30.59	59	70	67 Rainy—pleasant.
29. Sunday.	30.56	56	82	75 Fog—fair and pleas.
30. Monday.	30.58	58	71	70 Fair and pleasant.
31. Tuesday.	30.78	78	78	78 Fair and pleasant.

May has been an exceedingly pleasant month. As will be seen, there were 19 fair and pleasant days; 3 cloudy days without rain, and 9 days part rainy and part pleasant—the day occurring during which rain fell continuously. The three frosts were light and did little or no injury. Fruit promises to be very abundant and crops generally look well—though suffering for want of rain.



## KEAT'S DYING POEMS.

The following lines were written by JOHN KEAT on his death bed, and are the last verses ever penned by that gifted young poet. It will be remembered that he died through intense grief, on account of the severe and unjust criticism of Gifford, the English Juvenal. The youthful poet was removed to Italy, where he expired; and the last sad words he whispered were, "I die of a broken heart." He was buried in the Protestant burying place, at the base of the pyramid of Cæsar's Tomb, near Rome. Many pieces have appeared purporting to be his last production, but these now transcribed are the last that ever emanated from his pen:

My spirit's lamp is faint and weak,  
My feeble senses bow;  
Death's finger pales my fading cheek,  
His seal is on my brow.

My heart is like a withered leaf,  
Each fiber dead and sere;  
And near me sits the specter grief,  
To drain each burning tear.

The earth is bright with buds and bees,  
The air with purple beams—  
The winds are swimming in the trees,  
Or sporting on the streams.

But not for me the blossom's breath,  
Nor winds, nor sunny skies—  
I languish in the arms of death,  
And feel my soul with sighs.

I sigh to hope—"Come back again,  
My heart is weak for thee!"  
But woe is me! my sighs are vain—  
She flies from misery.

It is not that I fear to die,  
That burns my withered breast—  
But thus to waste with agony,  
And sigh in vain for rest.

To count the minutes one by one,  
And long for coming light,  
And ere the lingering day is done,  
To languish for the night.

To feel that sinking of the mind,  
That nothingness of soul,  
Where all is dead, and dark, and blind,  
As drops of Lethe's bowl!

And yet, O sunny Italy!  
"Twere sweet to find a tomb,  
Where willing flowers strewn by thee,  
Above my couch shall bloom.

Farewell, my harp!—I kiss thy strings,  
Go hang thee in thy bowers,  
Where oft thy dreamy whisp'ring,  
Have charmed the burial hours.

And if some finger faint would wake  
Thine unremembered lay,  
And bid thy sleeping slumber break,  
Then, happily wilt thou say:

"Oh! stranger, scatter roses,  
And lips of cypress burn—  
A broken heart reposes  
Within this silent urn."

## Spiritual Manifestations in Germany.

## Experience of the Seeress of Prevorst.

## VII.

## Conclusion.

As the woman and the spirit dark spirit still accompanied him, but stood at a distance, she asked him who the latter was. He answered—"He is one of those who can never be happy." On the 1st of October, the dark spirit threatened her, and appeared so terrible, that she became extremely ill, and on the 24, the female mockingly invited her to go to the castle with her. These two specters continued to threaten and trouble her much; the black one was so heavy, that his foot steps were audible. The huntsman bade her not listen to them. On the 9th, Mrs. H. told me that a bright form had appeared to her in white garments, and its head surrounded by a glory of light. What it said she was not permitted to tell me. She confessed that she had been visited by this form once before, when it had said—"I am one of those who are sent to serve such as are to inherit eternal happiness." This spirit did not walk on the ground like the others, but floated; the others, compared to it, seemed as heavy as lead. It was like a light cloud through which the sun shone. At night, when the huntsman came, this spirit returned and spoke to him consolingly. She said this bright spirit strengthened her as much as the others weakened her. She knew who it had been on earth, but would not say. This spirit told her that he had also been in the mid-region, but for a short time, and not on so low a degree as the other specters. I afterwards learned that this bright form was that of the deceased minister, T. of Oberstedt, on whose grave she had stood. He was a most worthy, excellent man.

The 19th October had now arrived—the period at which, as we have described, she seemed to awake out of her preternatural condition, and was found to have lost all recollection of what had occurred for an interval of several months. On this morning she related to me how she had been alarmed in the night by a specter in a short frock and boots, who had begged her to comfort him; and when she asked him what he required of her, he said—"That I have often told you." Then came a bright white form of one she had known when alive; and, on asking why it came to her, having long been dead, it answered—"I come to give you strength; calm yourself." When the spirit visited her now, she remembered none of them. We told her their histories, as she had told them to us. She expressed great surprise at the short dark spirit; and said that, though these seemed like lead compared to the bright form, yet they were very light compared to us. "How heavy we must be!" When the female specter threatened her, she bade it come to me; and, on the same night, (2d November), both I and my wife were much disturbed by noises in our

room, and something was thrown at me. In the morning, I learnt what Mrs. H. had said to the spirit. On the 9th, when the huntsman and the bright spirit appeared together, the Lowenstein girl, who slept in the room, saw the huntsman, but not the other. Mrs. H. said it could only be seen with the spiritual eye which lies within the fleshly one. On the 15th, Mrs. H.'s child, who was then three years old, slept in the ante-room through which the huntsman passed, whereon it began to scream; and, pointing to the door, gave us to understand that it had seen something frightful.

Sometime before she awoke, she told us that the good spirit would not return till she was able to go to the castle; the huntsman had told her so. Now, on the 20th, the bright form said he would come on the following morning—which he did, and told her that, if she could not go to the castle till the 15th of February, he would come again. She described him just as she had done in her former condition. On the 15th, he appeared in company with the huntsman; he told her he should not come again till she was able to go with him; and the huntsman said he was now going to a better place, and should trouble her no more.

She continued too weak to go to the castle, and they never appeared again.

Shortly after the history of this good spirit, who wished Mrs. H. to go to the castle, became known, a person engaged in a public office here, came to me—it was on the 9th of August, 1827—and related to me the following circumstances:

"Ten years ago, when I lived in the nearest court to this, I was disturbed, day and night, by something invisible opening and shutting the doors, and running up and down the steps; even my children were well acquainted with these sounds, and we were quite accustomed to them; but we never saw anything. As I was appointed to a situation here, I took a small house on the city wall, which lies on the road to the castle. Here we continued to hear the steps; but, in a short time, the hitherto invisible became visible. One night I saw, standing at the foot of my bed, the form of a man, apparently about sixty years old; he had on a round hat, grey clothes, and boots with spurs, and seemed to be a person of condition. He said to me, speaking with difficulty—"Come with me to the castle." I could not answer him. From that time this spirit went about my house by day and night, and often spoke to me. I learned that he was in trouble about something that he had hidden in a vault, the entrance to which is at the foot of the wall; and that he was in some way bound to somebody by an oath. Once he appeared to me by day, saying—"Come with me to the castle at ten o'clock tonight." I promised him; and, at the appointed time, I set out. When I reached the small gate, I espied somebody coming towards me from the Round Tower. I took this for a living person; and afraid of being questioned as to what I was doing there at so late an hour, I turned back. The person turned also towards the prison, I then perceived it was the specter, and that he was followed by an ill-formed dark figure, whom he seemed to avoid. He uttered a groan that went to my heart; but I had not resolution to follow my first intention. Since then I have never either heard or seen anything of the sort in my house."

This is the relation of a very simple honest man; and its connection with the former story cannot be overlooked. Mrs. H. had never heard of this man nor of his adventure.

Many things in the above relation appear incredible, what we are now about to mention will appear much more so; and those who find it impossible to believe what occurred to Mrs. H. will reject, with still more disgust, the following story. But those who have read in a different spirit, and are prepared to believe in the existence of a world of spirits among us, will not fail to remark the singular coincidences in those stories, especially with respect to the modes taken by the spirits to draw the attention of mortals, these differing not in kind, but in degree. The persons to whom these circumstances occurred were in perfect health, and had nothing whatever to do with magnetism or sleep-walkers. Councillor Hahn of Ingelheim, wrote down this account in the Castle of Slawensick, in Silesia, (which has since been destroyed by lightning,) in the year 1808, being himself an eye-witness to the facts; and he communicated them to me in the year 1828:

"After the campaign of the Prussians against the French in 1806, the reigning Prince of Hohenzollern gave orders to Councillor Hahn, who was in his service, to proceed to Slawensick, and there to await his return. His serene Highness advanced from Liegnitz towards his principality, and Hahn also commenced his journey towards Upper Silesia, on the 10th of November. At the same period, Charles Kern, of Kunzelsau, who had fallen into the hands of the French, being released on parole, and arriving at Liegnitz in a helpless condition, he was allowed to spend some time with Hahn, while awaiting his exchange.

Hahn and Kern had been friends in their youth, and their destinies having now brought them both into the Prussian States, they were lodged together in the same apartment of the castle, which was one on the first floor, forming an angle at the back of the building, one side looking towards the north, and the other to the east. On the right of the door of this room was a glass door, which led into a chamber divided from those which followed by a wainscot partition. The door in this wainscot, which communicated to these adjoining rooms, was entirely closed up, because in them all sorts of household utensils were kept. Neither in this chamber, nor the sitting-room which preceded it, was there any opening whatever which could furnish the means of communication from without; nor was there anybody in the castle besides the two friends, except the Prince's two coachmen

and Hahn's servant. The whole party were fearless people; and, as for Hahn and Kern, they believed in nothing less than ghosts and witches, nor had any previous experience induced them to turn their thoughts in that direction. Hahn during his collegiate life, had been much given to philosophy, had listened to Fichte, and earnestly studied the writings of Kant. The result of his reflections was a pure materialism; and he looked upon created man, not as an aim, but merely as a means to a yet undeveloped end. These opinions he has since changed, like many others who think very differently in their 40th year to what they did in their 20th. The particulars here given are necessary, in order to obtain credence for the following extraordinary narrative; and to establish the fact, that the phenomena were not merely accepted by ignorant superstition, but coolly and courageously investigated by enlightened minds. During the first days of their residence in the castle, the two friends, living together in solitude, amused their long evenings with the works of Schiller, of whom they were both great admirers; and Hahn usually read aloud.

Three days had thus passed quietly away, when, as they were sitting at the table, which stood in the middle of the room, about nine o'clock in the evening, their reading was interrupted by a small shower of lime, which fell around them. They looked at the ceiling, concluding it must have come thence, but could perceive no abraded parts; and while they were yet seeking to ascertain whence the lime had proceeded, there suddenly fell several larger pieces, which were quite cold, and appeared as if they had belonged to the external wall. At length, concluding the lime must have fallen from some part of the wall, and giving up further inquiry, they went to bed, and slept quietly till morning, when, on awaking, they were somewhat surprised at the quantity which strewed the floor, more especially as they could still discover no part of the walls or ceiling from which it could have fallen. But they thought no more of the matter till evening, when instead of the lime falling, as before, it was thrown, and several pieces struck Hahn; at the same time, they heard heavy blows, sometimes below, and sometimes over their heads, like the sound of distant guns; still, attributing these sounds to natural causes, they went to bed as usual; but the uproar prevented their sleeping, and each accused the other of over-sleeping it by kicking with his feet against the foot-board of his bed; till, finding that the noise continued when they both got out and stood together in the middle of the room, they were satisfied that this was not the case.

On the following evening, a third noise was added, which resembled the faint and distant beating of a drum. Upon this, they respected the governance of the castle to send them to the key of the apartments, above and below, which with the light they by her son; while he and Kern went to their investigations, Hahn remained in their own room. They found an empty room, below, a kitchen. They knocked, but the noise they made was very different to that which Hahn continued all the while to hear around. When they returned, Hahn said, "The place is haunted!" On this night, when they went to bed with a light burning, they heard what seemed like a person walking about the room with slippers on, and a stick, with which he struck the floor as he moved step by step. Hahn continued to jest, and Kern to laugh, at the oddness of these circumstances for some time, when they both as usual, fell asleep, neither in the slightest degree disturbed by these events, nor inclined to contribute them to any supernatural cause. But, on the following evening, the affair became more inexplicable: various articles in the room were thrown about; knives, forks, brushes, caps, slippers, paddocks, funnel, snuffers, soap—every thing, in short, that was moveable; while lights darted from corner to corner, and every thing was in confusion; at the same time the lime fell, and the blows continued. Upon this, the two friends called up the servants, Knittel, the castle watch, and whoever else was at hand, to be witnesses of these mysterious operations. In the morning, all was quiet, and generally continued so till about an hour after midnight.

One evening, Kern going into the above-mentioned chamber to fetch something, and hearing such an uproar that it almost drove him backward to the door, Hahn caught up the light, and both rushed into the room, where they found a large piece of wood lying close to the wainscot. But, supposing this to be the cause of the noise, who had set it in motion? for Kern was sure the door was shut, even while the noise was making; neither had there been any wood in the room. Frequently, before their eyes, the knives and snuffers rose from the table, and fell, after some minutes, to the ground; and Hahn's large shears were once lifted in this manner between him and one of the Prince's cooks, and falling to the ground, stuck into the floor. As some nights, however, passed quite quietly, Hahn was determined not to leave the room; but when, for three weeks, the disturbance was so constant that they could get no rest, they resolved on removing their beds into the large room above, in hopes of once more enjoying a little quiet sleep. Their hopes were vain—the thumping continued as before; and not only so, but articles flew about the room which they were quite sure they had left below. "They may fling as they will," cried Hahn, "sleep I must;" while Kern began to undress, pondering on these matters as he walked up and down the room. Suddenly Hahn saw him stand, as if transfixed, before the looking-glass, on which he had accidentally cast his eyes. He had so stood for some minutes, when he was seized with a violent trembling, and turned from the mirror with his face as white as death. Hahn, fancying the cold of the uninhabited room had seized him, hastened to throw a cloak over him; when Kern, who was naturally very courageous, recovered himself, and related, though with trembling lips, that, as he had accidentally looked into the glass,

he had seen a white female figure looking out of it; she was in front of his own image, which he distinctly saw behind her. At first, he could not believe his eyes; he thought it must be fancy, and for that reason he had stood so long; but when he saw that the eyes of the figure moved, and looked into his, a shudder had seized him, and he had turned away. Hahn, upon this, advanced with firm steps to the front of the mirror, and called upon the apparition to show itself to him; but he saw nothing, although he remained a quarter of an hour before the glass, and frequently repeated his exhortation. Kern then further related, that the features of the apparition were very old, but not gloomy or morose; the expression, indeed, was rather that of indifference; but the face was very pale, and the head was wrapt in a cloth which left only the features visible.

By this time, it was four o'clock in the morning—sleep was banished from their eyes—and they resolved to return to the lower room, and have their beds brought back again; but the people who were sent to fetch them returned, declaring they could not open the door, although it did not appear to be fastened. They were sent back again; but a second, and a third time they returned, with the same answer. Then Hahn went himself, and opened it with the greatest ease. The four servants, however, solemnly declared that all their united strengths could make no impression on it.

In this way a month had elapsed: the strange events at the castle had got spread abroad; and among others who desired to convince themselves of the facts, were two Bavarian officers of the dragoons—namely, Captain Cornet and Lieutenant Magerle, of the regiment of Minici. Magerle offering to remain in the room alone, the others left him; but scarcely had they passed into the next apartment, when they heard Magerle storming like a man in a passion, and cutting away at the tables and chairs with his sabre; whereupon the Captain thought it advisable to return, in order to rescue the furniture from his rage. They found the door shut, but he opened it on their summons; and related, in great excitement, that as soon as they had quitted the room, some cursed thing had begun to fling lime, and other matters at him; and having examined every part of the room, without being able to discover the agent of the mischief, he had fallen into a rage, and cut madly about him.

The party now passed the rest of the evening together in the room; and the two Bavarians closely watched Hahn and Kern, in order to satisfy themselves that the mystery was no trick of theirs. All at once, as they were quietly sitting at the table, the snuffers rose into the air, and fell again to the ground, behind Magerle; and a leaden ball fell at Hahn, and hit him upon the breast; and presently afterwards, they heard a noise at the glass-door, as if somebody had struck his fist through it, together with a sound of falling glass. On investigation, they found the door entire, but a broken drinking-glass on the floor. By this time the Bavarians were convinced, and they retired from the room, to seek repose in one more peaceful.

Among other strange circumstances, the following, which occurred to Hahn is remarkable. One evening, about eight o'clock, being about to shave himself, the implements for the purpose, which were lying on a pyramidal stand in a corner of the room, flew at him, one after the other—the soapbox, the razor, the brush, and the soap—and fell at his feet, although he was standing several paces from the pyramidal stand. He and Kern, who was sitting at the table, laughed; for they were now accustomed to these events, that they only made them subjects of diversion. In the meantime, Hahn poured some water, which had been standing on the stove, in a basin, observing, as he dipped his finger into it, that it was of a nice heat for shaving. He seated himself, before the table and strapped his razor; but when he attempted to prepare the lather, the water had clean vanished out of the basin. Another time Hahn was awakened, by the golden throwing at him a squeezed-up piece of sheet-lead, in which tobacco had been wrapped; and when he stooped to pick it up, the self-same piece was flung at him again. When this was repeated a third time, Hahn flung a heavy stick at his invisible assailant.

During the book-keeper, was frequently a witness to these strange events. He once laid his cap on the table by the stove, when, being about to depart, he sought for it, it had vanished. Four or five times he examined the table in vain; presently afterwards, he saw it lying exactly where he had placed it when he came in. On the same table, Knittel having once placed his cap, and drawn himself a seat, suddenly—although there was nobody near the table—he saw it flying through the room to his feet, where it fell.

Hahn was determined to find out the secret himself, with two lights before him, in a position where he could see the whole of the room, and all the windows and doors it contained; but the same things occurred even when Kern was out, the servants in the stables, and nobody in the castle but himself; and the snuffers were as usual flung about although the closest observation could not detect by whom.

The forest-master, Radezky, spent a night in the room but although the two friends slept, he could get no rest. He was bombarded without intermission, and in the morning, his bed was found full of all manner of household articles.

One evening, in spite of all the drumming and flinging, Hahn was determined to sleep; but a heavy blow on the wall, close to his bed, soon waked him from his slumbers. A second time he went to sleep, and was awakened by a sensation, as if some person had dipped his finger in water, and was sprinkling his face with it. He pretended to sleep again, while he watched Kern and Knittel, who were sitting at the table; the sensation of sprinkling recurred, but he could find no water on his face.

About this time, Hahn had occasion to make a journey as far as Breslau; and when he returned, he heard the strangest story of all. In order not to be alone in this mysterious chamber, Kern had engaged Hahn's servant—a man of about forty years of age, and of entire singleness of character—to stay with him. One night, as Kern lay in bed, and this man was standing near the glass-door in conversation with him, to his great amazement, he beheld a jug of beer, which stood on a table in the room at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass, that was standing there also, until the latter was half-full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied, as by some one drinking; while John, the servant, exclaimed, in terrified surprise, "Lord Jesus! it swallows!" The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor. Hahn was about to require an oath of John, in confirmation of this fact, but forbore, seeing how ready the man was to take one, and satisfied of the truth of the relation.

There was a cessation to these strange proceedings, and nothing more remarkable occurred, with the exception of the following circumstance:

"Some weeks after the above-mentioned removal, as Hahn was returning home, and crossing the bridge that leads to the castle gate, he heard the foot of a dog behind him.—He looked round, and called repeatedly on the name of a greyhound that was much attached to him, thinking it might be he; but although he still heard the foot, even when he ascended the stairs, as he could see nothing, he concluded it was an illusion. Scarcely, however, had he set his foot within the room, than Kern advanced and took the door out of his hand, at the same time calling the dog by name; adding, however, immediately that he thought he had seen the dog, but that he had no sooner called her than she disappeared. Hahn then inquired if he had really seen the dog. "Certainly I did," replied Kern; "she was close behind you—half within the door—and that was the reason I took it out of your hand, lest, not observing her, you should have shut it suddenly and crushed her. It was a white dog, and I took it for Flora." Search was immediately made for the dog, but she was found locked up in the stable, and had not been out of it the whole day. It was certainly remarkable—even supposing Hahn to have been deceived with respect to the footsteps—that Kern should have seen a white dog behind him, before he had heard a word on the subject from his friend, especially as there was no such animal in the neighbourhood; besides, it was not yet dark, and Kern was very sharp-sighted.

Hahn remained in the castle for half a year after this, without experiencing any thing extraordinary; and even persons who had possession of the mysterious chambers, were not subjected to any annoyance.

"The riddle, however, in spite of all the perquisitions and investigations that were set on foot, remained unsolved;—no explanation of these strange events could be found; and even supposing any motive could exist, there was nobody in the neighbourhood clever enough to have carried on such a system of persecution, which lasted so long, that the inhabitants of the chamber became almost indifferent to it."

In conclusion, it is only necessary to add, that Councillor Hahn wrote down this account for my satisfaction, with the strictest regard to truth. His words are—

"I have described these events exactly as I heard and saw them; from beginning to end, I observed them with the most entire self-possession. I had no fear, nor the slightest tendency to it; yet the whole thing remains to me perfectly inexplicable."

Written the 19th November, 1808.

— AUGUSTUS HAHN, Councillor."

## The Spiritual Harbinger

And Mountain Cove Journal.

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